A

LETTER

TO THE

FREE CITIZENS

OF THE

CITY of *DUBLIN.*

By JAMES FORDE, Grazier.

DUBLIN:

Printed by T. KNOWLES, in *Essex-street.*

MDCCXLIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The GRAZIER's Occaſional LETTER.

IT is the Saying of an ancient Sage, my Friends, that could the *celeſtial* Form of *VIRTUE* be ſo far materialized, that we could ſee her with our Eyes, the whole World would be forced to love her; for which Reaſon, when any Irradiation of her Charms beams in the Breaſts of Men, as by that Means ſhe becomes, in ſome Meaſure, ſubjected to our Senſes, ſhe claims the ſame Reſpect, Love, and Adoration. *Birth* may prejudice, *Riches* may corrupt, *Pomp* may dazzle, but it is *Virtue* alone that forces that willing Homage of the Mind, which we pay becauſe we owe, which we love becauſe it is amiable. But, let me obſerve to you, my Friends, that this is not ſuch a Love as the Love of *Women*, the Love of *Honour*, the Love of *Riches*; it is a Love, which, as *PLATO* ſays, deſcends from the Gods, filling our Souls with noble Ideas, and raiſing the Lover to that divine Eſſence of the Perfection it adores.

If we look into the Nature of *Virtue*, we will ſee it take a two-fold Diviſion, like the *Pythagoric* Letter Y; one, which is the narrower, comprehends the domeſtick Ties, the Virtues, that relate to our own Bodies, and to our Family; the other, taking a wider Compaſs, embraces not only ourſelves, but our Brethren; our Kindred, but our Country; the

the Latter, as it is more extensive, ought to be most admired; as most admired ought to be most practised.

In my Last *, my Brethren, I let you into the Nature of the Body Politic; the Analogy it bears to the Natural; the Offices, and Boundaries, of its several Parts; and, from thence, deduced the several Duties which bind you all as Members of one Body, Fellows of one Society: And is there a more endearing Tie than all the sweet Relations, comprehended in that most expressive Word, our *Country*! Do we love Honour? Nothing is more glorious. Do we love our Friends? Our Country has them in her Bosom. Are we brave? Here is a Cause to fight for. Would we run? Here is the noblest Prize: Here are Incentives to fire the Blood, to animate the Mind, and raise the languid Powers of the Soul. Shall we not contend for this? We have the Glory of our Ancestors to preserve; our own Liberty to support; and a glorious Example to leave to Posterity! Yet, with the deepest Grief I must say it, these Incentives, all noble as they are, prove too feeble to rouze some Men: They are in a State of Dejection, and they care not to rise; they are blind, and they wish not to see the Sun; and, oh Heavens! they are *Slaves*, and they desire not to be free: They hug their Chains, and say, Are they not Ornaments? we will not throw them off, lest we should hear no more the Musick of their Jingling.

But yet I have the Satisfaction to say, some of you begin to shake off your *Lethargy*; the Voice of *Liberty*

* This was intended to have been my Fourth Letter; But a Neighbour of mine, zealous in the Cause in which I am engaged, having got a rough Manuscript of the Three Former; I am inform'd, since my Arrival in this City, *He* has publish'd them under his own *Appellation*. He has, likewise, added a Fourth (which I have seen); but by the Diction, Facilities, &c. any Person may perceive it is not wrote by the same Hand.

Liberty begins to be heard in your Streets; Power begins to tremble; and Pride to let fall her supercilious Brow; and Candour, Truth, with theirs and (Heaven's) beauteous Offspring, Freedom, leads their joyful Choir, where before ſtalk'd the haggard Fiends of Corruption, Inſolence, and Tyranny. Are we not aſſured that theſe are Bleſſings? Who is ſo dull as not to feel, ſo much a Coward as not to dare ſay this? Is there any ſuch amongſt you, my Brethren? If there be, let him ſtand forth; let him ſhew his Face to the Light; let him ſeparate himſelf from among you; ſince he loves not the Cauſe of Freedom, let him not taſte its Bleſſings.

I ſaid, my Friends, that this is, perhaps, the moſt intricate Period that has been ſeen ſince the happy Revolution; and why, let it now be my Buſineſs to ſhew; yours, to attend. Here are two Seats, by the particular Bleſſing of Providence, *vacant* in Parliament; and, to fill theſe, four principal Men have propoſed themſelves, but, of Intereſts, as oppoſite as Heaven from *Hell*, as Light from Darkneſs; and as their Views are oppoſite, ſo are the Means they uſe to accompliſh them. Thoſe, on one Side, are Men in Power; a Power you have, my Friends, felt; of which you bitterly complain. Thoſe, on the other, are Men who would pluck down that Power, and whoſe Endeavours you are ſatisfy'd of. The former (the Men in Power) uſe Perſuaſion, Intereſt, Influence, and Bribery, to compleat their Deſigns; the latter, your own Reaſon, Memory of paſt Services, and Hopes of future Freedom. Now, which will you chooſe? Are you reſolved, by your own Voice, to rivet your Fetters; or, by your own Voice, to be free? Each ſolely depends on yourſelves; no other interferes; all the Ties of Honour and Juſtice, Safety and Prudence, cry aloud for your ſpeedy Determination; every Eye, with Eagerneſs, attends

tends it; the World expects it; and future Generations ſtand now, or fall by your Voice! When one of you, Brethren, conſiders all that depends on his Vote, the future Happineſs or Miſery, the Freedom or Slavery of his Country, is to be determin'd by it, will he not ſhake, as on the Brink of ſome dangerous Precipice, when he ſees, on either Side, ſuch Alternatives? Will he not deteſt the Thoughts of thoſe who wou'd influence him againſt his Conſcience? Will he not ſay to his Landlord, "Keep afar from me;" and to his Cuſtomer, "Think not to buy my Integrity:" He will ſtand firm in the Armour of *Virtue*, among the foremoſt Ranks of *Honour*, in the noble Cauſe of *Patriotiſm*, and bid a bold Defiance to Tyranny, Corruption, and Power!

There are thoſe, *Citizens*, who ſay, You bear no Place, no Name, or a very deſpicable one in the *Body Politick*, and, therefore, that your Conduct is of little Signification to the Welfare of the whole. But it is not the Nobleneſs, but the Uſefulneſs, of the Parts that are to be conſider'd; the *King* is the *Head*; the *Parliament* the *Bowels*, great and ſmall; the *Hands* may be conſider'd as the *military Force*; You, my Friends, have a low, but uſeful, Place in it, a moſt neceſſary one; you are the *Podex* of the Body *Politick*, and (as in the *natural*) the whole Frame reſts on it. An Affront offer'd it is offer'd to the whole; on it depends the *Purgation* of the Body *Politick* from all *Corruptions*; that, my Friends, is your indiſpenſible Duty. Another Reſemblance I find between thoſe Parts of the Natural and Political Bodies, is, that, in both, they are puniſh'd for the Faults of the other Members:

Quicquid delirant Reges plectuntur Achivi.

When th' *Head* offends, the *Podex* feels the Smart.

Ignorant

Ignorant Creatures may be offended at this Comparison; they may be willing to turn it to a Jeſt: But let them know that Nature knows no Diſtinction of Parts; and that all Preheminence owes its Birth to *Pride*, and Growth to *Folly*. 'Tis therefore from thence that I preſume to lay before you another Analogy of the Parts: You may be conſider'd, my Friends, as the *Teſticles* of the Body *Politick*; your Behaviour is to *witneſs* the Virility of the whole; 'tis from you all the other dignify'd Parts primarily proceed; you beget the Head, the Hands, the Bowels, and all the Parts. It is then your Duty, as the common Father of all, to ſee you be juſtly uſed by thoſe you have appointed to Power; and theirs to preſerve you as the Apple of their Eye.

All Inſtruction is naturally irkſome to the Mind of the Hearer. Therefore, Brethren, I ſhall entertain you with a Story, very applicable to the preſent Caſe, taken from the Third Book of the *Phtiramaſtix* of that great Cynic Philoſopher *Diogenes*.

There was, while the golden Age flouriſh'd, (before *Juſtice* fled from the Race of Mankind) a wealthy and powerful Man call'd PATRIOTISM; his Poſſeſſions extended to the Corners of the Earth, and his Fame flew to Heaven. All his People lived like his Children, and he was more like a Father than a King: But, while theſe gave and received mutual Bleſſings, he diſcover'd, lurking among his Sons, an abandon'd Profligate, call'd SELF-INTEREST, who cauſed infinite Miſchief; him, therefore he ſeized, and baniſh'd, for ever, to the inhoſpitable Mountains of *Caucaſus*. He was no ſooner there, than, as he hated the Light, being the genuine Son of IGNORANCE (who was born blind) than he betook himſelf to the Trade of a Miner, and diſcover'd, in the Bowels of the Earth, infinite Treaſures of Gold, of Silver, of Braſs. He had not been long, on this Mountain, before

he

he marry'd one of its native Nymphs, and her Name was RAPINE. By her he had a numerous Offspring; the eldeſt born of whom was CORRUPTION; after him PRIDE, AMBITION, LUXURY, LICENTIOUSNESS, TYRANNY, FRAUD, and VIOLENCE. Inſomuch that his Offspring grew ſo great, the Mountain did not ſuffice for their Support. The Lots were then caſt, and it fell on the eldeſt Brother, CORRUPTION, to ſeek his Fortune on the Plains. He took with him a vaſt Treaſure, borne by a Beaſt of Burden, call'd SERVILITY; and was led by a Guide, whoſe Name was FLATTERY, who, as ſoon as he came into the lower Regions, made Proclamation that his Maſter was come from afar to beſtow Riches and Happineſs on the People. He was heard greedily; Numbers fell into the Snare; ſo that they ſold him many fair and ample Patrimonies, in which he put his Brother OPEN VIOLENCE in Poſſeſſion. In ſhort, he brought ſuch Numbers from the Mountains, and multiply'd to that Degree, that he found himſelf in a Condition to make open War on PATRIOTISM, whom he generally defeated, always corrupting his Soldiers before the Battle. In this great Emergence, PATRIOTISM, growing each Day weaker, had recourſe to his ancient Ally, and Neighbour, VIRTUE, who, as ſoon as he appear'd, ſo turn'd the Scales, that CORRUPTION could no more look him in the Face, he was driven from all his uſurp'd Poſſeſſions to dwell once more in the * high Places, leaving all the Vallies in Poſſeſſion of their true Lord and Father.

* By *this* is underſtood the *Great*; by the *Vallies* the *lower Part of Mankind.*

6 DE 58

I am, Gentlemen, *Your humble Servant*,

JAMES FORDE.